

A Girl Named Eleanor by Crutio

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Summary: 80's highschool AU. Hawkins High welcomes a new senior, and Michael Wheeler gets to show her the ropes. A coming of age story full of angst, love, and awkward situations. Rated M for future chapters. Mileven!

1. Chapter 1

Hawkins, Indiana 1988

A crisp breeze floated around Hawkins, Indiana. The small town always had some kind of eerie fog to it, at least that's what Mike Wheeler would argue. Today had already had started out rough; his little sister Holly painted in his Geometry textbook, his unruly midnight curls wouldn't settle, and he was still peddling an undersized bike to his senior year of high school.

It was completely empty at Hawkins High School, and Michael Wheeler was cursing himself for accepting extra curricular activities for his college application. Hawkins High AV club consisted of Mike and his three other friends, who had straight up refused to help him do early morning set up. The crisp air of Hawkins was making his hair fly and stand up in unruly ways as he peddled into the school grounds, no student to be seen. Mike pulled up to the school's bike rack and moodily swung his backpack with a little *too* much vigor, causing it to snag against a handlebar and tear a decent sized hole at the bottom of his bag.

He sighed, dropping to his knees and completely missing the footsteps of someone approaching, who had managed to see the whole thing.

"Not a fan of Mondays, huh?", a female voice taunted playfully, with a hint of nervousness.

He furrowed his eyebrows in confusion, *who the hell is here by choice at 7:30 in the morning?* Looking up he froze. Holy shit. She's smiling at me, *holy shit*.

A pair of sparkling doe brown eyes stared back playfully, her hair was made up of loose curls, lazily held up by a blue ribbon. What took Mike the most was what she was wearing. A sweater of multiple pink hues that clung to her perfectly, a black tennis skirt that was above the knee, but mostly it was her legs. Long, lean, ... tube socks? She's beautiful. *She's also expecting you to say something, Wastoid.*

"The worst, I-uh, haven't seen you.. here before?" Mike found his voice, he felt his face burn the more he stared. Tearing around from her brown eyes, he began picking up various pages of notes that had managed to slip out during one of his finest Michael Wheeler moments.

"First day, and I'm willing to make a deal" she began, kneeling down to his level and handing him a few very dirty sheets of paper "you show me around, I'll *try* and salvage the bag" he looked up to see the girl giving him a genuine smile, collectively making him feel at ease and giving him a swelling feeling in his chest.

Mike puffed out his chest as his confidence grew.

"I guess you've got a deal"

I guess Mondays aren't so bad, he thought.

2. Chapter 2: Safe Haven

The halls were completely bare and void of students as Mike walked with this mysterious girl, the only noises heard were the squeaks of their sneakers against the linoleum and occasional small talk. Mike couldn't help sneaking occasional looks at this girl, every time noticing something different. A dimple, a freckle, a certain glisten in her eyes talking about things she felt passionate about, and the sheepishness between them slowly disintegrating into laughter.

They walked to a classroom hidden between some beaten up lockers and a water fountain. There was a small silver plaque which read "AV Club", which Mike gestured to proudly.

"This is the best room in the school, it's full of cool radios.. My friends and I call it the safe haven" he trailed off, thoughtfully. Mike wanted to impress her, definitely. She had this sweet innocence that he knew would be taken away as soon as she met Stacy, or *Troy*.

"AV Club, huh?" She turned to Mike with a teasing grin, which Mike hoped he returned just as confidently. This is what Mike felt passionate about, he felt like he was completely opening up to this mystery girl, and he doesn't even know her *name*.

"You should definitely show me these cool radios sometime, I don't exactly know too many people and god knows I could use a haven" She trailed off, the look on her face cloudy. Mike didn't know her that well to understand it, but he understood he *wanted* to.

There was a comfortable silence between them, until she piped back up again. "I still owe you, you know" Mike looked at her quizzically until she clarified by gesturing to the backpack he was desperately clinging to, begging the universe to give him a break by not spilling the contents out all over again.

Mike had needed to go to the home economics room plenty of times, he was known as the 'go to' kid to help any confused teachers over the age of 50 who felt flustered by new technology. He'd felt the need to start small talk up again, but as he turned to her he turned the brightest shade of red. She was already looking at him, a gangly and completely uncoordinated Michael Wheeler.

Smiling to himself with the biggest grin he could muster, he gestured to the small home economics room and opened the door for her. Suddenly he felt super self conscious, this room is seriously small. *Seriously* small.

"Jesus, people work in here? It's a cupboard" She remarked playfully, but jumping as soon as she heard a loud *thwack*. And there is was, Michael Wheeler in all his glory. Holding his forehead painfully, of course, he had hit his head on the door frame.

Her laughter filled the room, to him it sounded melodic. He knew he had it so bad already, he's known her for about an hour and suddenly he feels like he's known her for years. Mike saw her walking to him sweetly, staring directly at his forehead. "Jesus, Mike" closer, closer, closer. She was in front of him, brushing his hand away and sending electric shocks through his whole body in the process. Before he knew it she was examining his forehead, he felt her breath against his face and melted, she's right there.

Her eyes trailed down to his nose, spluttered in freckles that she couldn't help but find so alluring. He's beautiful, she thought. Sanity brought her back down to earth again, this is probably the weirdest thing she could be doing. She broke away, immediately feeling her face completely burn. Clearing her throat awkwardly, she turned to the various shelves of thread behind them.

"Let's save this bag, shall we?" her voice came out playfully as she continued "also, don't touch anything. You're probably going to blow us up".

3. New Friends

A/N: Thank you all for sticking with it! I hit major writers block, but I've overcome it! I'm already halfway through the next chapter. And it's longer?! You're all welcome ;)

P.S! Thank you to whoever reviewed/followed/favourited. You guys are pretty neat.

"So, you're telling us you met a girl the morning we *weren't* with you?" Dustin asked, incredulously. Mike decided to tell the guys about his anything but ordinary encounter with this mystery girl, even though he knew no one would believe that 'Mike Wheeler' and 'girl' could even correlate in the same sentence.

Mike settled at the lunch table, ever since he separated from *her* he couldn't help but stare around the room like a paranoid psychopath. Everywhere he looked all he ached to see was her beautiful curls, her smooth and extremely distracting legs poking out from her short pleated skirt, and those eyes-

"Earth to Wheeler! He's lost it man, I never thought he'd get it this bad over a girl that doesn't even *exist*-" Dustin was interrupted by a sharp *thwack*, which turned out to be a painful punch from Mike.

Dustin rubbed his shoulder, moodily picking up his juice and begrudgingly rubbing his shoulder. Mike distractedly twirled his fork in his spaghetti, just thinking about *her*.

"Hey, who's with Max?" Will piped up, with sudden curiosity. Mike edged his gaze up to Will's, somewhat interested. Instantly, Mike felt his cheeks completely flush. Was his hair okay? Did he have spaghetti sauce on his face? Does she see him as a nerdy waistoid?

"My man!" Dustin pounded him on the back, knowingly. "I've gotta give it to you dude, she's a nerd's wet dream" Dustin wiped his hands through his unruly curls, turning to Mike and purring. The group erupted in groans and scattered 'gross' murmurs at Dustin's bravado.

"Hey, waistoids!" Max greeted loudly as she reached her friends table. Max looked at Mike and smirked, knowingly. "*Everybody*, this is Eleanor. She's just moved from Chicago" Eleanor smiled politely, but her focus was solely on Mike. She noticed the intense stare from his dark eyes, and she was completely drinking it in.

Eleanor smiled politely as Max introduced her to the table, giving each boy a shy smile. Her eyes met Mike's, and she was taken by the intensity. Mike felt different, *genuine*. As her mind flicked back to the moment they shared in the home economics building, she felt her cheeks burn and her heart swell. Eleanor found herself squished between Max and Will, but every lul in the conversation she found herself stealing glances at Mike. With every glance she noticed something different; the contrast between his porcelain skin and his chocolate brown freckles, the deep dark intensity that his eyes bore when theirs met, she saw *beauty*.

Mike's cheeks flared a dangerous pink as he watched her eyes etch over his features, analysing. The shrill sound of the school's bell caused the two flustered teens to break apart, immense embarrassment flooding over them both. Eleanor rose along with Max, waving goodbyes at the boys as they debated what weapons would be most effective in a zombie apocalypse. Mike watched Eleanor walk away, both stealing glances at each other before mournfully walking to class.

Eleanor distractedly entered in her lock combination, thoughts clouded with her new found *attraction? Confusion?* Towards *Michael Wheeler*.

"So, what the hell was that with Wheeler?" Max stared at El quizzically, sneaking a cocked eyebrow glance towards her new friend. Silence.

"I saw it, the love eyes. God, *eugh*-" Max made a retching sound, dramatically projecting her hands against her mouth, eliciting a giggle from Eleanor.

"We just .. spoke" Eleanor felt the corners of her mouth pull up, threatening to give off a sickly sweet grin.

"Oh, I'm really going to be sick. SICK! Dorky, pasty, sweated Mike Wheeler. He is dominant though, if you like that kind of thing-"

"You're annoying. Besides, what about you and Lucas? I could practically see the drool from across the table!"

"It's called a friendly conversation-"

"A *friendly* conversation, Max? You wouldn't know one of those if it bit you on the a-"

"Hi!" A sickly sweet voice interrupted the conversation, Eleanor saw immediate distaste plastered across Max's face. Eleanor observed the person greeting her. Tall, crimped blonde hair, impeccable purple eyeshadow with a sugar-coated grin. Her eyes kept on Eleanor, refusing to even acknowledge Max behind her.

"I'm Stacy, just letting you know that I'm having a party tonight, feel free to invite *people*," Stacy snuck a snide side eye toward Max before slipping back to her sickly sweet bravado. "I'll see you there, Eleanor!" Flicking her platinum blonde hair over her shoulder, she pointed up her nose and continued to walk past the two confused teenage girls.

"She can't be serious, can she?" Max crinkled her nose in distaste, looking towards Eleanor for the same reaction. All she read was a thoughtful Eleanor.

"No, no way. How'd she even know your name? You've spoken like five words today!"

"You're being dramatic. I think it'd be fun! We could invite the guys-"

Max let out a loud unceremonious snort at Eleanor's preposterous idea, *four nerds at Stacy Wilkin's house*.

"I'll make sure I pass on that you're coming to Lucas! I'm sure you'd love to run into him!" Eleanor yelled over her shoulder as she closed her locker, a smirk playing against her lips.

Max's eyes widened, feeling her palms starting to sweat at the thought. She wouldn't.

"You'll catch flies if you keep gulping for air like that, meet you outside at 3:15! We'll carpool" Eleanor called gleaming, knowing that she'd won the battle.

Max stood, mouth still agape. She'd met her match, and her new best friend.